

A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET

FADE IN:

EXT. GRASSY FIELD - NIGHT

A LITTLE GIRL'S FEET -- PINK BOOTIES AND MATCHING SHOES -- SLOWLY HOPPING TO THE RHYTHM OF TWO JUMP ROPES.

The loud THUMP of her tiny FEET as they stomp the ground. The ROPES sound like a LOUD WIND whipping through our ears.

An eerie FOG FLOATS ACROSS THE SCREEN.

GIRL (O.S.)
One -- two -- Freddy's coming for
you.
(beat)
Three -- four -- better lock your
door.
(beat)
Five -- six -- grab your crucifix.
(slowly fading away)
Seven -- eight -- better stay up
late --

THE CAMERA PUSHES THROUGH THE JUMP ROPE -- AWAY FROM THIS GIRL -- INTO A NEIGHBORING STREET.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

A mid eighties CHEVY IMPALA POLICE CRUISER slowly inches its way down the street, patrolling the neighborhood.

GIRL (O.S.)
(barely audible)
Nine -- ten-- never sleep again.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Behind the wheel is SERGEANT DAN PARKER (30s), tall, strong build, receding hair line. Riding shotgun is SERGEANT DONALD THOMPSON (30s), a hard looking character with a square jawline and chiseled face.

Both men are quiet. A bit on edge. Parker breaks the silence.

PARKER
The department's gonna swing for
this.

Thompson not really paying attention. His mind still preoccupied.

PARKER

The Chief might as well pack his bags and split town while he still has the chance.

THOMPSON

It's not his fault. Nobody knew.

PARKER

That's the problem. You think the city would have some kind of safety net against hiring ex cons.

(beat)

Here we are telling these parents to keep their kids on lock down. And the real problem was right there in front of our faces. "Just go to school and straight home", we said.

Parker shrugs with disgust.

PARKER

We were just bringing the lambs to the slaughter.

Thompson rubs his weary eyes, still visibly upset.

PARKER

Good thing we were able to grab those photos from Krueger's wall. There's nothing left of those kids.

Thompson sifts through a stack of PHOTOS -- ALL ELEMENTARY SCHOOL KIDS. All sad, malnourished. Posed in front of the same filthy wall.

PARKER

I think I'm gonna be sick.

THOMPSON

No, you're not. You're gonna keep it together.

Parker wipes a few tears.

The two men notice a white, two story house just to their left. A picket fence surrounding the property. The house is very similar looking to 1428 ELM, but a bit different.

EXT. HOUSE - STREET CURB - NIGHT

The police cruiser pulls to the curb. The eerie DREAMLIKE FOG continues to move down the street. As if it had a life of its own. Out of the cruiser steps --

PARKER and THOMPSON

They unhook a small, white picket gate and head to the front door. Thompson gives a KNOCK. Parker looking very nervous.

PARKER
I don't think I can do this.

THOMPSON
Come on, partner. I need you.
Keep it together.

Parker takes a deep breath. Composing himself.

The door opens. A young red head answers. This is MAGGIE (20s), hauntingly beautiful eyes. A real knockout.

Thompson looks shocked. As if he recognizes this woman.

MAGGIE
Yes?
(to both)
What can I do for you, Officers?

Parker is a bit distracted by his partner's strange demeanor. Him and Thompson share a quick look. Parker turns his attention back to Maggie.

PARKER
Margaret Thompson?

MAGGIE (O.S.)
(older voice)
Yes.

Thompson turns back to Maggie. She is a good twenty years older since the last we saw her.

Thompson is completely taken back. Totally disoriented.

PARKER
I'm afraid we've made a discovery.
At a house just a few blocks from
Springwood Elementary. We've
recovered what we believe to be the
remains of at least seven children.
(MORE)

PARKER (cont'd)
That's not all. There were some
photographs at the scene. I'm very
sorry to say that one of them
matches the description of your
daughter Nancy.

Parker hands Maggie the photo of young Nancy Thompson, age
six. Thompson catching a quick glimpse of the picture,
instantly recognizing his daughter.

MAGGIE
NO! OH GOD! MY NANCY!

Thompson has now worked himself into a complete panic. His
breathing much heavier. His sweaty face twitching,
contorting.

Maggie gives Thompson a look of pure hatred.

MAGGIE
(to Thompson)
You bastard! You let this happen!
Our only baby and you let her die!

Maggie grabs Thompson by the shirt collar, pushing him back.

MAGGIE
You did this to her! You did this
to our baby!

Maggie breaks out into tears, burying her face in Thompson's
arms.

Parker looking very unsure.

Thompson looks over Parker's shoulder and notices the numbers
"1428" in big, black detail, hanging next to the front door.

Thompson stares into the home, noticing --

A YOUNG WOMAN IN A BODY BAG

standing at the other end of the hall, near the staircase.

He hands his grieving wife off to Parker. Heads inside the
home. He moves slowly. Very cautious.

BODY BAG
Daddy?

Thompson has some trouble making out the woman's identity.

THOMPSON

Nancy? Is that you, baby? Daddy's here.

Thompson hurries toward her. The more he hurries, the longer the hallway becomes. It seems like it never ends.

Thompson trips, falls. As he stands, he notices that he's back by the front door where he started. Nancy is gone.

He turns right, getting a good look at himself in a hallway mirror. He is much older now. Wrinkled, weathered, gray.

Thompson moves closer to the mirror, rubbing his rough and aged face.

BODY BAG (O.S.)

Daddy?

Nancy reappears in the mirror, just behind Thompson. Her dead, bloody hand reaching out to her father.

BODY BAG

Help me, Daddy.

Thompson quickly turns around. No Nancy.

Some eerie LAUGHTER from the front door.

Thompson turns his attention back to --

PARKER -- still holding Maggie tight at the front door. Maggie's face buried in his shirt.

An evil smile slowly growing on Parker's face.

A deep, sinister LAUGH echoes throughout the home.

Parker reaches his right hand up, RAZOR CLAWED and ready to strike. He STABS the sharp glove into Maggie's back. STREAMS OF BLOOD LEAK DOWN HER BACK.

Thompson races toward the porch, but the front door SLAMS SHUT in his face.

He tries to open, but the door is locked from the outside. He beats on the door like a madman, trying to knock it open.

The sinister LAUGH continues to echo through the home.

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Thompson opens the basement door, slowly makes his way down the steps. The door SLAMS SHUT behind him.

TOTAL DARKNESS

Then --

FLAMES SHOOT OUT FROM A CAST IRON FURNACE -- lighting the entire room.

Thompson quickly runs down the steps. Spots the furnace in the corner, the heavy door swung open.

A FIRE burning inside.

A RAZOR CLAWED GLOVE glowing in the inferno.

Thompson slowly begins over. In the blink of an eye --

THE RAZOR CLAW

Comes to life and SHOOTS OUT OF THE FURNACE toward Thompson, slicing open the side of his face --

INT. THOMPSON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Thompson awakens, jumps up, trying like hell to catch his breath. A cold sweat on his forehead. A bloody GASH on the side of his face. A digital clock on the night stand reads --

1:45 AM

Thompson grabs a portable phone resting next to the clock, quickly dials.

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - MARGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MAGGIE THOMPSON is sound asleep when her PHONE RINGS. She slowly sits up, searching desperately for the ringing phone under the sheets.

MAGGIE

Hello?

(listens)

It's two in the morning, Don.

(listens)

Of course she's fine. She's sound asleep. So was I. What is it?

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Maggie, still on the phone, heads for Nancy's room at the other end of the hall. She cracks the door open --

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie enters. Nancy seems to be completely buried under her sheets and blanket.

MAGGIE
(into the phone)
Like I said. She's fine. Sleeping
like a baby.

THOMPSON (O.S.)
(filtered)
Go check on her.

MAGGIE
This is ridiculous.

THOMPSON (O.S.)
(filtered)
Just go check on her. I wanna know
she's okay.

Maggie huffs in protest, but does like she's asked. She heads over to Nancy's bed.

MAGGIE
Nancy?

No answer from the lump under the blankets. Maggie notices something not quite right about this picture. She pulls back the blanket and spots four pillows propped together.

THOMPSON (O.S.)
(filtered)
Well. What's going on?

MAGGIE
Everything's fine. She's sleeping.

Thompson breathes a sigh of relief.

THOMPSON (O.S.)
(filtered)
I need you to have her call me
first thing in the morning. I need
to talk to her.

MAGGIE
What's this about?

THOMPSON (O.S.)
(filtered)
Can you just do me a favor and do
like I ask just once, please?

MAGGIE
Fine. You got it. First thing.

Thompson hangs up. Maggie tosses the phone down on Nancy's bed. She walks over to a window, stares out into the street.

"The Lantz House" sits directly across the way.

Crawling out the second story window, kissing her boyfriend goodbye is NANCY THOMPSON (16) baby faced brunette, girl next door type. Her significant other is GLEN LANTZ (17) lean, athletic, pretty boy type.

Maggie doesn't look amused.

Nancy crawls down a ROSE TRELLIS and hurries home.

Maggie heads back to bed.

EXT. SPRINGWOOD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Students are heading to and from class, running through the halls and stepping over each other like a herd of wild buffalo.

EXT. SPRINGWOOD HIGH - LUNCH AREA - DAY

Nancy and best friend TINA GRAY (16) short blonde hair, scantily clad, share a picnic table just outside the cafeteria, eating lunch.

From first glance, Tina is definitely the more scandalous of the two girls.

Glen emerges from the busy halls, takes a seat next to Nancy. He plops down his lunch bag and pulls out a tall energy drink and sandwich.

TINA
(to Nancy)
So I heard about your Dad wiggling
out the other night.

GLEN
(to Nancy)
Oh, yeah? When was this?

Nancy gives Tina a "lay off" look.

TINA
I didn't know it was a secret.

NANCY
My Mom won't talk about it. It's
really bugging me out.

Tina looks surprised. Her and Glen share a look.

NANCY
Why? -- Do you know something?
(to both)
If either of you know something,
you need to tell me.

TINA
Sorry. I thought you knew.

NANCY
Knew what?

Tina is reluctant, playing with her food. She finally can't take it anymore and spills.

TINA
I guess your dad's been having some
bad dreams about you. Like, really
weird, fucked up dreams.

GLEN
I don't think I wanna hear this.

Glen puts in his earphones, plays his I-POD. Nancy is on the edge of her seat -- waiting.

TINA
Like you getting killed kind of
dreams.

Nancy looks as if she's going to be sick.

TINA
If you ask me, your Dad's just
going through a rough time. How
long has it been since him and your
Mom split? -- Three months?

NANCY
Four months.

TINA
Think about it. He's The Chief.
You're his baby girl. It's gotta
be hard for him not being able to
look after you and your Mom.

NANCY
You think so?

TINA
I think he's making a difficult
transition and this is his mind's
way of dealing with it. I know if
you worry enough about someone, you
can let your imagination get away
with you.

GLEN
(to Nancy)
Mix that with a few tequilas. He's
bound to have some bad dreams.

Tina gives Glen a good, swift kick to the shin.

GLEN
Ouch!
(to Tina)
What's that for?

TINA
Nancy's Dad hasn't had a drink in
six months. Don't jinx him.

GLEN
(to Nancy)
Sorry. All I'm saying is, with the
stress of the divorce and moving
out, there's a chance he fell off
the wagon. That's all.

Tina spots her ex boyfriend ROD LANE (18) making his way
through a crowd of students, heading their direction.

Rod is dressed in "death metal" black, his hair in dreds and
his eyes and nose pierced. A matching goatee and stash.

TINA
Great. Here comes the shit stain.

Nancy turns around, spots Rod walking towards them. She quickly faces forward, pretends not to notice.

GLEN
(to Tina)
What's he doing here? I thought he
was locked up.

TINA
Just overnight.

GLEN
(to Nancy)
You said he got caught with a gun.

NANCY
It was a knife. And don't say
anything.

Rod slowly approaches, his head hanging low, his hands awkwardly placed in his pockets, looking very apologetic.

ROD
Whassup?

TINA
What does it look like? We're
eating.

ROD
Thought we could talk a minute.

TINA
Oh, yeah? About what? You driving
drunk or Nancy's Dad catching Stacy
with her mouth on your cock?

ROD
As usual, you heard the story
wrong.

TINA
Really? Are you calling Nancy's
Dad a liar?

ROD
Look. Just come with me a second
so we can talk.

TINA
I'm eating.

Rod loses his patience and grabs Tina's arm, forcing her off the bench.

TINA
Hey! Get your hand off me!

Glen pulls his earphones out, stands, ready to go a few rounds with Rod.

GLEN
(to Rod)
What're you doing, bro?

ROD
Sit down, faggot!

Glen checks with Nancy. She motions for him to sit down and stay out of it. Glen strikes his best man pose.

TINA
Get your hands off me!

ROD
Stop being a bitch and listen to me
a second!

TINA
Why? So you can lie and tell me
you didn't go out with Stacy?

ROD
You don't know what the hell you're
talking about!

TINA
Let go of me!

Tina struggles to break herself free of Rod's grip.

GLEN
You heard her, bro. Take your
hands off.

Rod gives Glen a hard stare, lets go of Tina. In a second, he's in Glen's face. Neither backing down and neither wanting to make the first move.

Nancy is scared to death for Glen. She notices a large crowd forming around them, waiting for a good fight.

In the crowd stands PRINCIPAL FINLEY (50s), watching the two boys like a hawk.

NANCY

(to both)

You guys cool it. Finley's watching. You know the rules. The first one who throws a punch gets five days. If you get suspended, you can't go to the party tonight, now can you?

Rod laughs in Glen's face as he slowly backs away. He pushes his way through the crowd, down the hallway.

Glen sighs in relief. Nancy puts a supportive arm around Tina.

NANCY

Come on. It's your birthday. Don't let that ass hole ruin it. You got a killer party to host tonight. Let's get it together.

Tina cracks a smile as her and Nancy sit back down.

INT. TINA GRAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A house party is in full affect. LOUD TECHNO MUSIC fills the halls. Various cliques gather in opposite areas of the living room.

A few couples on the couch playing a heated game of truth or dare. Some pointing and laughing, others embarrassed.

A crowd of thick neck jocks playing a round of bloody knuckles and hand-slaps in the corner.

One couple grinds on the dance floor while our typical few losers watch on with a goofy grin and a cup of beer.

Nancy crosses the crowded floor, heading out a screen door and onto the back patio.

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

Nancy watches Glen jello wrestle TWO BIKINIS. The crowd is drunk, rowdy.

Glen manages to pin one down while the other wraps her arm around his neck. He quickly gropes her ass, throws her off. The crowd goes nuts.

Nancy storms off, upset. She makes her way over to the front lawn where a game of beer pong is taking place.

Tina and TWO JOCKS make up one team. Both boys are touchy feely, playing grab ass with Tina. Each one desperately fighting for her attention.

Nancy watches, disgusted.

A PING PONG BALL plops into a beer in front of Tina. The crowd eggs her on. She down the beer in three big swallows, grimacing from the bitter after taste. Nancy interrupts.

NANCY

I need to talk to you.

Before Tina can respond, Nancy jerks her away from the table, back into the house.

INT. TINA GRAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nancy pulls Tina down a hallway and into a laundry room.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Nancy and Tina interrupt a couple making out on the washing machine.

NANCY

Excuse us.

The young couple comes up for air, staring at Nancy.

GUY

Excuse you.

The couple go about their business, kissing and groping each other passionately. Nancy brushes them off.

TINA

(to Nancy)

If you hadn't noticed, I was having a good time back there.

NANCY

That's what I wanna talk to you about.

Tina is way too distracted by the two lovers swapping spit in the corner.

TINA
(to couple)
Do you mind?!

GUY
Yeah, I kinda do.

GIRL
We were here first.

TINA
It's my house! Go find a room or something!

GUY
(to girlfriend)
You heard the woman. It's her house.

The boy tosses his girlfriend over his shoulder, heads out.

GUY
You two have a nice time.

NANCY
(to guy)
You're disgusting.

Nancy shuts the door behind them.

TINA
What's your problem?

NANCY
I just talked to Jen. She told me Stacy's been crying her eyes out all day. She was so upset, she even ducked out of Roper's exam and went home early. Upset over Rod dumping her last night.

Tina couldn't be more surprised. She fights back a smile.

TINA
Bullshit.

NANCY
Brooke says she even saw her and Rod at the mall. Out in the parking lot near the theatre. She said Stacy was crying like crazy.

TINA

But your Dad said that --

NANCY

-- I know. Jen said Stacy got so wasted last night she passed out in Rod's lap. She doesn't even remember Dad stopping them. Everyone's saying she was so hungover today, Finley had to call her parents.

Tina nervously paces around the small room, upset with herself.

NANCY

It's not too late to invite him to the party.

TINA

I don't know.

NANCY

You want me to ask him?

TINA

Maybe we should just let things be for awhile. You know? -- See what happens?

NANCY

What do you mean?

TINA

I mean I'm kind of having a good time.

Tina's grin is ear to ear. She holds Nancy's hands, totally excited.

TINA

Did you see how Joey and Mike were hanging all over me?

NANCY

Tina, he broke up with Stacy to be with you. Shouldn't you at least talk to him?

This is a buzz kill for Tina.

TINA

Why are you defending him so much?
He's been seeing Stacy behind my
back for weeks.

NANCY

Well, Stacy was, technically, still
his girlfriend.

TINA

Well what about how he acted at
lunch? He treated me like his
bitch in front of everybody and
picked a fight with Glen. Even you
told me you never liked Rod.

NANCY

You're right. I don't. But you
shouldn't use what I think as an
excuse not to apologize.

TINA

I'm not making excuses not to
apologize. Rod's an ass hole. End
of story.

NANCY

And what if he shows up here? You
have to talk to him sooner or
later.

TINA

He won't. Because you're not gonna
call him. Promise?

Nancy hangs her head low, a bit unsure.

NANCY

(under her breath)
Fine.

TINA

Seriously, Nancy. You promise?

Nancy reluctantly agrees.

NANCY

I promise.

EXT. TINA GRAY'S HOUSE - SWIMMING POOL AREA - NIGHT

Tina, now in a skimpy bikini, chugs down a plastic cup full of God knows what. A crowd cheers her on. She winces a bit as she finishes. She slowly stumbles her way to the pool.

Her two guy friends sneak up behind her, pick her up and toss her into the deep end -- jumping in after her.

Nancy sits on the edge of the pool, watching passively.

TINA

Come on, Nancy. Put your suit on
and get in here. It's my birthday
and you have to do what I say.

Nancy spots a jello covered Glen and his two giggly wrestling mates holding hands and running into the house. Tina also notices.

TINA

You better hurry. I think Glen's
interested in some water sports of
his own.

Nancy gives Tina a nasty stare and hurries after Glen. Tina just smiles as her two guy friends splash her with water.

INT. TINA GRAY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Glen hops in the shower with his two girlfriends, all dripping with red jello. He turns on a cold shower. The three of them SCREAM out.

Some rubber neckers peek inside the bathroom, hoping to catch a glimpse of something naughty.

In barges Nancy. She runs over and pulls Glen out by his arm. He almost trips crawling out of the tub. The two girls have a good laugh at his expense.

GIRL #1

Bye, Glen!

GIRL #2

You're gonna get it now!

GLEN

What's your problem?

NANCY
Having fun?

GLEN
That shit's hard to get off.

NANCY
Is that what your two friends are
for? To get all those hard to
reach places?

Nancy drags Glen through the house by his arm.

GLEN
You're hurting me.

Kids stare and laugh, making fun of the quarreling couple.

EXT. TINA GRAY'S HOUSE - STREET - NIGHT

A strange car is parked just down the street from the Gray house. The DRIVER watches the house carefully.

INT. THOMPSON'S CAR - NIGHT

Behind the wheel is Donald Thompson. He finishes up a cigarette, tosses it out the window. The smoking butt hits the ground, adding to a pile of eight to ten other butts.

Out steps Thompson, headed for the Gray house.

EXT. TINA GRAY'S HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

A couple of party animals, drinks in hand, cheer on their two friends doing a beer bong. Thompson approaches, catching them all by surprise.

THOMPSON
Excuse me, boys.

PARTY GUY #1
Chief Thompson.

The kid holding the beer tap spots Thompson and accidentally sprays his drinking pal dead in the face. He topples over, hitting the ground hard.

The other two boys hide beers behind their back.

PARTY GUY #2
Hi, Chief.

Party Guy #2 turns, facing a crowd of his drunken friends.

PARTY GUY #2
(to friends)
What on earth are you doing here,
Chief Thompson?!

The crowd slowly figures it out and begin dumping out their drinks on the lawn, ditching beer cans, hiding their faces, ducking into the house.

THOMPSON
Have either of you boys seen my
daughter this evening?

PARTY GUY #2
No, sir.

PARTY GUY #1
Nancy? -- No way. We haven't seen
her or Glen all night.

Party Guy #1 smacks his buddy dead in the gut. Gives him an ugly stare.

THOMPSON
And how about Tina's mother? Is
she around?

PARTY GUY #2
Tina's Mom? -- Right. Of course.
I think she just stepped out,
actually. To the store.

PARTY GUY #1
Yeah. She just went to get more
food. We're having a barbecue out
back by the pool. You should stay
and hang out.

Party Guy #2 once again smacks his buddy in the gut.

PARTY GUY #1
But I guess not. Since Nancy's not
here and all.

Thompson smells a rat.

THOMPSON
Tell you what. I'm just gonna take
a look for myself.

PARTY GUY #2
No problem. Look all you want.

Thompson heads inside. A crowd of nervous teens watching on.

Glen appears from the back yard, dripping wet. The four
friends notice.

PARTY GUY #2
(to Glen)
I'm sure Nancy and Glen left hours
ago!

Glen looks confused. The onlooking crowd throws him a
signal. Glen spots Thompson heading for the front door. He
quickly makes for the back yard, going unnoticed.

INT. TINA GRAY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Thompson forces his way through the crowd of drunken teens.
Some of them recognize him and duck out the front door.

Nancy opens the rear screen door and steps back inside, beer
in hand. She instantly spots her father making his way up a
staircase. Glen runs up behind her, startling her.

GLEN
Guess who made an appearance?
Let's get the hell out of here.

Nancy and Glen make a run for it.

EXT. TINA GRAY'S HOUSE - STREET - NIGHT

Nancy and Glen head for Glen's early model Camaro, parked at
the curb. They jump in.

INT. GLEN'S CAMARO - NIGHT

Nancy and Glen duck down in their seats, hiding. They are
both out of breath.

GLEN
What's he doing here?

NANCY

Looking for me. My Mom promised my Dad I wouldn't go to the party. As far as he knows, I'm not here.

GLEN

You think he already swung by your house?

Nancy ponders this.

NANCY

Let's get out of here.

Glen sits up, starts the engine. Nancy sits up, cautiously peeks out the window.

EXT. STREET CURB - NIGHT

The Camaro pulls away from the curb, quickly disappearing down the street.

EXT. TINA GRAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Thompson steps back outside, watching what's left of the party on the front lawn. The kids all stand frozen, scared. They smile back at him, acting innocent.

Thompson heads back to his car. The kids all let out a sigh of relief.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA - NIGHT

Tina crawls out of the pool, grabs a towel from a chair. She wraps it around her waist as she stumbles for the house. Looking as if she's going to puke. She opens the screen door, heads inside.

INT. TINA GRAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tina makes her way through a heavy crowd, completely wasted. Her few dozen drinks have finally hit her.

Kids are dancing, others rough housing. Pushing, shoving, bumping into one another. One of them is shoved straight into Tina, knocking something loose in her stomach.

Tina keels over, wraps her arms around her waist, holding tightly. She runs for the nearest bathroom, locking the door behind her.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tina hurries to the commode, puking up her guts. She squats down, next to the toilet. Leans her back against the wall, rests her arm on the lid. Passes out.

INT. TINA GRAY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rod steps inside, through the rear screen door. He searches the crowded room for Tina. The party is kicking. The dance floor is full and everyone is drunk out of their minds.

Some kids on the couch spot Rod surveying the room. Trouble just showed up. They point and stare.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tina is totally passed out. Not even flinching. The sound of the DOOR OPENING awakens her. Her eyes flicker and dance. She struggles to open them fully.

A BLURRY IMAGE kneels down in front of her.

Tina finally manages to open up her eyes. Rod is smiling at her. Tina smiles back.

TINA

Hey.

She touches the side of his face. Rod helps pull her from the floor. They begin out of the bathroom together in silence. Just smiling back at one another.

EXT. BATHROOM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rod pushes Tina against the wall, kissing her neck, sliding his hands up and down her body. She moans in ecstasy.

Tina turns and spots the enormous crowd in her living room, dancing, partying. But they all move in SLOW MOTION.

The lights are off and the room is almost pitch dark, but the teens appear to be GLOWING in this darkness. A sort of filtered reality.

Tina can't quite place what's happening, but goes with it as Rod continues to grope her body and suck her neck.

INT. TINA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rod and Tina slowly fall into her bed, really getting into it now. Rod unhooks her bikini top, feeling her exposed breasts. He rolls her on her back as he crawls on top.

Tina stares at the ceiling, still a bit drunk. The room spinning out of control. She squeezes her eyes shut, trying not to get sick.

FADE TO BLACK

TINA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Rod is sound asleep. Tina awakens. She picks up Rod's shirt from the floor and throws it on.

EXT. TINA'S BEDROOM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tina shuffles her way down the hall, looking dead tired. She makes her way through the living room.

Several teens passed out on the floor and on the couch. Tina smiles. The party was a success. She heads for the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tina grabs a bottled water from the fridge, takes a huge gulp. Then --

A REAR DOOR SWINGS OPEN -- A WHIRLWIND OF AUTUMN LEAVES FLOW INTO THE HOUSE AND ONTO THE TILE FLOOR

A TRASH BIN is knocked over by the heavy wind, spilling empty beer cans all over the kitchen.

Tina checks with the kids in the living room. They are all comatose. She cleans the mess, cinches up the garbage bag.

EXT. TINA GRAY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Tina throws the full trash bag in an aluminum bin. As she heads back, the rear door SLAMS SHUT.

Tina tries to open. It's locked.

TINA
Wonderful.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Tina...

Tina spins around, scared out of her wits.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Tee-naa...

Tina follows the voice further into her back yard. She moves slowly and with caution. She pushes open a picket gate and steps into a back alley.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Tina stares down both ends of the alley, a smile on her face, searching for the practical joker she knows is there.

TINA
If you're trying to scare me,
you'll have to do better than that!

Tina spots a white, concrete wall at the opposite end of the alley. On the wall is the very tall REFLECTION of --

A MAN IN A HAT

Tina spins around, now petrified. She notices a DARK FIGURE standing some fifteen feet away. Medium build, lean. Donning a BROWN HAT. This is FREDDY KRUEGER.

Freddy slowly and ever so gracefully reaches out his right arm -- A RAZOR CLAW fitted on his hand. Four ELONGATED JAGGED EDGED BLADES PROTRUDING FROM EACH FINGER.

TINA
Okay. Good job. You win.

Freddy steps closer to Tina. His clothes and features clearly visible to her now.

His face appears to have been completely mutilated by fire. It is sticky, oily and wet, the blood and muscle tissue not yet decayed. As if the wounds and scars are fresh.

The hat has been somewhat beaten and damaged. A simple brown sweatshirt has been stained with years of filth, grease and the blood of hundreds of victims.

The long sleeves have been charred by fire, molded and melted into the skin of his forearms. A pair of cheap, equally filthy work pants.

TINA

Oh God.

Freddy smiles, pulls up his shirt and WHIPS THE RAZOR CLAW across his burnt chest. BLOOD and various ORGANS fall from his open stomach. The entrails hitting the alley. Before Tina can process it all --

THE ENTRAILS TURN TO SNAKES

Tina covers her mouth, holding back her urge to vomit.

The BLOODY SNAKES slither after her at full speed.

Tina makes a run for it --

THROUGH THE GATE -- BACK TO HER YARD

EXT. TINA'S BACK YARD - NIGHT

Tina spots her house and heads for the rear door. An old oak tree sprouts its arms across the roof of the home.

Just as Tina is almost to the door --

FREDDY leaps out from the depths of the tree, hitting the grass in front of her.

Tina tries to stop, but trips and falls backward. She heads for the picket gate.

Freddy lunges for her, tackling her to the ground. He pins her down.

Tina tears at his face, ripping the skin completely off his skull. A demonic skeleton now staring back at her. Eyes still in tact.

INT. TINA GRAY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tina is still laying next to the commode, now twitching and twisting on the floor. She appears to be either having a nightmare or overdosing.

Tina's eyes open wide. She SCREAMS out in a panic. She kicks and punches uncontrollably, still in the nightmare.

EXT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Rod approaches the door, hears Tina screaming inside. He tries to open, but is still locked.

ROD

TINA!!!

Rod stands back and gives the door a good kick, knocking it open.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Rod is shocked to see Tina's body sliding up the side of the bathroom wall on its own.

TINA

ROD!!!

Tina is then drug across the ceiling by some unknown force. She reaches out for help.

Rod just watches in horror. He reaches for the door, but has somehow locked behind him.

Tina's body now hangs just over the shower. Her stomach is sliced open by FOUR INVISIBLE BLADES. Her BLOOD and INSIDES falling into the tub below.

Tina's eyes suddenly turn BLACK. Her skin turns an off GRAY. Suddenly, whatever force is holding her back releases her. Her lifeless body falls from the ceiling and into the tub.

The BLOOD SPLASHING ACROSS THE ROOM and all over Rod.

Rod stares down at Tina, laying mutilated in the shower.

Then, the door suddenly opens, allowing him to leave.

Rod catches a glimpse of himself in the mirror, completely covered in Tina's blood. He makes a run for it.

EXT. BATHROOM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rod bumps into a few partiers in the hall. He runs for the front door in full panic mode. A GIRL quickly claims the bathroom, a mixed drink in hand.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The girl spots Tina laying dead in the shower and SCREAMS. Several other kids run in. They all stand in shock.

One kid places his hands in front of the frantic girl's eyes and mouth. He pulls her away from the grisly scene.

INT. SPRINGWOOD POLICE STATION - THOMPSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Nancy sits patiently in a chair, awaiting her father. She stares through the glass wall, eavesdropping on her mother and father in the outer room. A real heated argument.

Thompson points his finger in his ex wife's face, yelling something. We can only make out the obscenities.

He heads back to his office. Maggie stares through the glass at Nancy, looking a bit ashamed. Nancy loans her a supportive smile.

In walks Thompson, hopping mad.

THOMPSON

You wanna know where I've been for the last hour? --

Nancy just hangs her head low, embarrassed.

THOMPSON

-- On the phone with about fifty angry parents, wondering how I could show at Tina's party tonight and not shut it the hell down the second I got there.

Maggie slowly makes her way over to the door. She peeks through the glass, concerned for her grieving daughter.

THOMPSON

To make matters worse, I come to find out Tina's mother wasn't even there. She's in Vegas with her boyfriend for the week.

(beat)

So...not only did you deliberately disobey me, you lied to your mother!

Nancy slowly begins to lose it. Tears shoot down her face.

NANCY

Please. Just don't yell at me.
Not now.

Thompson holds back his anger. He pulls up a chair and has a seat across from Nancy.

THOMPSON

We got a problem. Lane's father hasn't seen Rod in hours. He hasn't called home and he isn't answering his cell. We questioned everyone at the party. Nobody has the first clue where he could be. I'm finding that very hard to accept.

NANCY

Rod's new in town. Nobody really knows too much about him.

Maggie quietly steps inside, carefully shutting the door behind her.

THOMPSON

Was there anyone that didn't make it to the party tonight? Someone you've seen him with at school?

NANCY

No.

THOMPSON

What about hang outs? Is there somewhere he usually went?

NANCY

I don't know. I told you I don't know much about him.

THOMPSON

Your mother said he was Tina's boyfriend.

NANCY

Tina and him dated a few times. Glen and I never really hung out with them. Glen can't stand him.

THOMPSON

The kids all say Tina and Rod had a fight at school today. What about?

Nancy can't stop crying. Thompson waits patiently.

MAGGIE

It's okay, baby. When you're ready.

Thompson gives Maggie a "step off" look. Nancy composes herself.

NANCY

Rod broke things off with this girl. The one you stopped him with the other night.

THOMPSON

Stacy Harkins?

NANCY

He did it just so he could be with Tina. But she didn't wanna hear about it. Not after he got rough with her at lunch today. I guess Tina saw his true colors and decided he was trouble. I guess she was right.

Nancy completely loses it, crying hysterically. Thompson touches her softly on the shoulder.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie tucks in her daughter, who appears to be sound asleep. She shuts off the lights and steps out. Nancy immediately sits up. She grabs her cell phone off a night stand, checks her messages. Her last text is from ROD. It reads --

School parking lot. Ten minutes.

Nancy throws on her shoes and makes for the window. She crawls out, closing it behind her.

EXT. THOMPSON'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Nancy heads for her car, jumps in. Rod pops up from behind Maggie's station wagon. He puts a gun to Nancy's temple.

ROD

Don't move.

Nancy stares up at him, scared.

ROD
Unlock the door. I'm coming in.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SPRINGWOOD - NIGHT

Nancy's car pulls up to a stop light. A cop car stops on the opposite side of the intersection.

INT. NANCY'S CAR - NIGHT

Nancy watches the police car closely while Rod cowers down in the passenger seat, his gun pressed against Nancy's side.

ROD
What's going on?

NANCY
Nothing. A red light.

Nancy flashes her high beams at the cop.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SPRINGWOOD - INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Nancy's HIGH BEAMS flash a good three times.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Behind the wheel is SERGEANT RAY GARCIA (30s), a real twit. Thompson's flunky. He lazily chews on a stick of gum, noticing Nancy's brights flashing him from across the street.

GARCIA
What the hell...?

INT. NANCY'S CAR - NIGHT

Rod figures her out and pushes the gun into Nancy's kidney.

ROD
Quit playing and just get us out of here.

NANCY
There's a cop across the street.
You don't want me to run a red light, do you?

EXT. DOWNTOWN SPRINGWOOD - INTERSECTION - NIGHT

The lights turn green as Nancy and Garcia both pull away.

INT. NANCY'S CAR - NIGHT

Rod pushes the gun further into Nancy's side. She squints in pain.

ROD
Keep your head straight.

Nancy ignores Garcia as the young officer peeks inside the car.

EXT. TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - COUNTY LINE - NIGHT

Nancy pulls her car to the side of the road. Onto a soft shoulder. She shuts off her engine and lights.

INT. NANCY'S CAR - NIGHT

Rod sits up and pulls some rope from the back of his pants. Still keeping the gun on Nancy.

ROD
Put your hands on the wheel. Move
and I'll put your head through the
window.

Nancy places her hands on the wheel. Rod quickly begins tying them up with the rope. He makes a good, tight knot.

NANCY
What're you gonna do with me?

Rod grabs the gun from the dash, points it at Nancy.

ROD
We're gonna take a little walk
about a quarter mile up the road.
You do what I say, you'll be back
home by morning.

NANCY
You're making this a lot worse --

ROD
-- SHUT UP!

Nancy jumps. Rod sticks the gun to her temple.

ROD
You're gonna get out of the car.
Real slow. Don't make any sudden
movements.

Nancy opens her door. Rod opens his.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Nancy and Rod cross the quiet highway, hike down a steep hill and approach a large, underground DRAIN PIPE. A good hiding place. They head inside.

INT. DRAIN PIPE - NIGHT

Rod walks Nancy a good fifty yards into the pipe and stops.

ROD
This is far enough. We're gonna
camp here for the night.

NANCY
This is it? This is your master
plan?

ROD
I got a ride out of town coming in
the morning. We just have to wait
it out.

NANCY
And you couldn't do that on your
own?

ROD
I'm gonna need some insurance in
case your old man figures out where
I'm headed.

NANCY
That's just great, Rod. Not only
do they have you for Tina's murder.
Now they can add a kidnapping
charge.

ROD
Just shut up.

NANCY

You thought my Dad wanted you bad before? What do you think he's gonna do now?

Rod nervously paces back and forth. He pulls on his hair, trying to figure out his next move.

NANCY

My father will shoot you on sight! Believe me -- the only chance you have now is to get rid of the gun, let me go and turn yourself in.

ROD

And why's that? -- So I can tell everybody I killed Tina? Well guess what? -- I didn't.

NANCY

Well guess what? -- No one believes that. Kidnapping me doesn't make you look more innocent. If you didn't do it, tell me who did.

ROD

Forget it. You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

NANCY

Try! Because I'm having a real hard time trusting you!

Rod loses his patience and puts the gun back in Nancy's face. He cocks the hammer back.

ROD

You don't have to trust me. You just have to do what I say. I have the gun.

Nancy stares down the barrel of Rod's gun, growing more and more frightened by the violently impulsive delinquent.

ROD

Now that's enough talking. Just shut up and go to sleep.

Nancy snickers at Rod in disgust. She rolls over on her side, calling it a night and going to sleep.

Rod keeps the gun on Nancy. He slowly puts the hammer back and takes a seat on the sewer floor. He shuts his eyes, exhausted.

FADE TO BLACK.

LATER

Nancy rolls over, slowly awakens from a deep sleep. She sits up, checking with Rod. He's sound asleep with the car keys dangling from his exposed pocket.

Nancy ever so quietly reaches for the keys, snagging them up. Rod shifts in his sleep, oblivious.

Nancy begins out of the drain pipe, keeping a close eye on Rod. Her pace getting faster and faster. She takes off, running as hard as she can for the exit.

EXT. DRAIN PIPE - NIGHT

Nancy bolts back up the steep hill and back across the two-lane highway. She runs for her car, still parked on the soft shoulder. She jumps in the driver's side, keys in hand.

INT. NANCY'S CAR - NIGHT

Nancy pops the keys in the ignition. The engine just coughs back at her, refusing to start.

NANCY

Come on.

She turns the key, over and over. Nothing.

TINA (O.S.)

Nan-cee...

Nancy stares straight ahead, through the windshield. She spots --

TINA, still in her party bikini and covered head to toe in BLOOD. FOUR LONG GASHES ACROSS HER CHEST. She reaches out her hand to Nancy. A sad, desperate look in her eyes.

Nancy just watches in horror. Her mouth quivering. She quickly jumps out --

EXT. NANCY'S CAR - NIGHT

As Nancy steps out, Tina disappears. Nowhere to be seen.

NANCY
Tina...?

Nancy stares across the street and spots Tina now standing at the edge of the steep hill, staring directly at her. Still covered in blood.

TINA
Nan-cee...

Tina begins down the hill, out of sight.

Nancy runs back across the highway, headed back to the drain pipe.

INT. DRAIN PIPE - NIGHT

Rod still sleeping on the ground.

FREDDY'S CLAW SCRAPES ALONG THE SIDE OF THE WALL -- SPARKS FLYING EVERYWHERE.

This awakens Rod. He stares up at --

FREDDY

Hovering over him, smiling. He reaches down, snags up Rod by the shirt, throwing him against the wall.

Rod pulls his pistol from his jeans, points it at Freddy's chest. In the blink of an eye, Freddy bends Rod's wrist backward, forcing Rod to point the weapon at his own face.

ROD
NO!!!

Rod stares down at Nancy, sound asleep on the ground.

ROD
NANCY!!!

Freddy pulls Rod away from the wall, taking complete control over his gun arm and pointing the weapon against Rod's skull.

BACK TO:

NANCY'S DREAM

Nancy runs into the drain pipe, instantly spotting FREDDY
HOLDING A GUN TO ROD'S HEAD

NANCY
ROD!!!

CUT TO:

INT. DRAIN PIPE - NIGHT

Rod still standing in the middle of the sewer, a gun to his head. But no one else is there. No Freddy. Nancy still laying on the ground, asleep, twitching, caught in her own nightmare.

ROD
(to Nancy)
NANCY!!! WAKE UP!!!

But Nancy doesn't answer.

BACK TO:

NANCY'S DREAM

Nancy runs after Rod at full speed. But before she can get there --

FREDDY SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER

blowing Rod's brains all over the sewer floor and against the cement.

NANCY
NO!!!

BACK TO:

INT. DRAIN PIPE - NIGHT

Nancy jumps up, awakens from her nightmare. She spots Rod still standing in the middle of the sewer. A blank, lifeless expression on his face. The gun still in his hand.

The entire RIGHT SIDE OF HIS HEAD BLOWN APART. Rod's limp wrist drops the gun as the rest of his body falls face first onto the ground. As if released by Freddy's hands.

Nancy SCREAMS out. She stares down both ends of the pipe. Searching for Rod's killer. He's gone.

THOMPSON (O.S.)

Nancy?

Nancy turns, spots TWO MEN with FLASHLIGHTS hurrying after her from the other end of the tunnel. As they draw closer, she is able to make out her father and Sergeant Garcia.

Thompson and Garcia are shocked to find Rod dead on the ground. Garcia pulls the revolver from Rod's dead hand. He and Thompson share a look.

Nancy is strangely quiet as she stares into space, trembling all over, still in a state of shock.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

The sun is just now rising as Thompson tucks his daughter into bed. Her eyes are dark and bloodshot from a lack of sleep. She's just had the worst night of her life and it's time to rest.

THOMPSON

I'll be back later tonight. I still have some questions I need to ask you. For now, promise me you'll get some sleep.

NANCY

I promise.

He gives Nancy a loving smile and heads for the door.

NANCY

Dad?

Thompson stops, turns back.

THOMPSON

What is it?

NANCY

You told Mom you were having dreams about me. What kind?

Thompson seems caught off guard by this. He stalls.

THOMPSON

Nothing you need to concern yourself with.

NANCY

That's not what I heard.

Thompson takes a seat on the edge of Nancy's bed. Strokes back her pretty hair.

THOMPSON

You know I'd never let anything happen to you, right?

NANCY

I know.

THOMPSON

Just because we don't live under the same roof anymore doesn't mean I'm not watching over you. And your mother. I pray for both of you. Every night. I don't want you to ever feel scared. Or alone. Your mother and I would die before we let anything happen to you.

Nancy forces an insincere smile for her father.

NANCY

Okay.

THOMPSON

I love you. I'll see you later tonight.

Thompson heads out, shuts the door behind him. Nancy not looking very reassured. She rolls over, shuts her eyes. Her long night has finally ended.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. SPRINGWOOD HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

A full class of tired, uninterested, completely bored students fill the desks. A borish ENGLISH TEACHER roams about the room, continuing her lecture on "Hamlet". This is MISS SHAYE. Nancy sits in the back, playing with a pencil, her mind drifting.

MISS SHAYE

What is seen is not always what is real. According to Shakespeare, there was something operating in nature. Perhaps inside human nature itself that was rotten. A canker as he put it --

Nancy tries like hell to keep her eyes open, but just can't fight it. She slowly drifts off.

MISS SHAYE
 (growing quieter and
 quieter)
 -- Now, of course, Hamlet's
 response to this, and to his
 mother's lies was to continually
probe and dig.
 (barely audible)
 Just like the grave diggers.
 Always trying to get beneath the
 surface.

WE CLOSE ON NANCY AS SHE FALLS ASLEEP. Then --

Nancy suddenly awakens, rubbing her weary eyes. She looks around the room, confused. Something is definitely off.

It is much darker now. Miss Shaye is gone. And all the students appear to be DEAD -- still sitting upright in their desks. All grayish in color. No skin tone.

Nancy watches each student carefully. All of their necks and eyes have been sewn shut. They look like demonic dolls, all lined up, row after row.

Nancy checks the front blackboard and spots a chalk drawing of two pig tailed SCHOOL GIRLS, hand in hand. One tall, one short. The name CINDY over the tall and NANCY over the short.

Nancy is suddenly distracted by the REAR DOOR FLYING OPEN. She looks through the open door --

A GRASSY FIELD, A FLAG POLE AND AN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL BUILDING IN THE NEAR DISTANCE.

Nancy heads out the door and into the open field.

EXT. SPRINGWOOD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Nancy is the only one within miles of this building. No people, no cars, nothing. Suddenly, a SCHOOL BUS approaches the front steps.

A LITTLE GIRL

Steps off. She quickly runs through the open halls, headed for class. She stops, looks back at Nancy, smiles. Then -- a giggle. She runs off.

Nancy runs after her.

INT. SPRINGWOOD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Nancy runs through the long corridors. Autumn leaves blowing the wind, covering the walkways, kicking into the air. The little girl is long gone. Nowhere.

Nancy turns a left corner, headed down another walkway. She spots the little girl from before. Standing at the end of this sidewalk. A JANITOR kneels before her, his mop and bucket behind him.

The janitor wearing a brown hat and a very thin, dark brown sweatshirt. FREDDY KRUEGER.

Freddy hands the little girl a giant lollipop. He stares up at Nancy, still standing at the end of the hall. He smiles at her, ducks behind a corner. The little girl follows.

NANCY

No! Wait!

Nancy charges down the hall, after the girl. As she reaches the end of the hall, she spots the little girl running through the playground, across a large, grassy field.

Nancy notices that she is heading for a CHAIN-LINK FENCE in the distance. A row of run down HOMES just on the other side. Nancy continues after the girl.

EXT. CHAIN-LINK FENCE - AFTERNOON

The girl ducks under a cut out hole in the fence. She heads for the ugly, abandoned house closest to her. "Freddy's house".

Nancy runs to the fence, keeps an eye on the girl. The girl disappears around the front of this hell hole.

Nancy also crawls through the fence, following behind. She heads for Krueger's house.

EXT. KRUEGER HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Nancy runs around the front of this abandoned home. It appears to have been heavily damaged by fire. The windows boarded up and nailed shut. The front door has been broken into, flopping back and forth with the wind.

Nancy heads inside.

INT. KRUEGER HOUSE - NIGHT

As Nancy enters the home, she looks behind her and notices that it has suddenly went from day to night in a matter of seconds. A LIGHTNING STORM BREWS in the sky.

Nancy continues into the home. She hears the little girl's GIGGLE. The sounds are coming from downstairs.

Nancy approaches the dark stairway. The front door SLAMS SHUT. Nancy quickly turns around, scared. She notices a mess of old beer cans, a candle and some matches left on the kitchen floor. From the last time teens partied here.

Nancy picks up the candle and matches, sets them on the counter. She lights the candle and heads for the stairs.

STAIRWAY

About halfway down, Nancy pulls a long chain hanging from the ceiling. A LIGHT BULB illuminates what's left of this long trail of steps. She continues, even slower than before.

INT. KRUEGER'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Nancy steps off, into the dark basement. She flips on a corner light switch. Krueger's murderous dungeon is now fully lit.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS OF THE SPRINGWOOD GAZETTE COVER EVERY INCH OF THESE WALLS. ALL OF THEM CHARRED BY FIRE.

Nancy goes wall to wall, trying to make out the articles. They are severely burned and discolored.

"CHILD ABDUCTOR STILL AT LARGE"

"SPRINGWOOD SLASHER UNMASKED"

Nancy continues around the room, reading various articles and clips. One of the pages is pure white, undamaged. Perfect looking. As if it were printed that morning. Nancy gets a closer look.

"HUMAN REMAINS FOUND AT JANITOR'S HOME"

Nancy attempts to grab the article from the wall, but TURNS TO PURE FIRE before she can reach it. It literally turns to ash before her very eyes.

Nancy winces from a strong smell. She covers her nose, stares down at the floor. There are empty GAS CANS scattered about the room. Gasoline spilled everywhere.

Nancy carefully sets down the candle on an old work table.

The little girl GIGGLES from across the room.

Nancy looks in the corner and spots a very large bed sheet hanging from one end of the room to the other.

She walks over, pulls back the sheet. Hanging just behind this sheet is an OPAQUE SHOWER CURTAIN. Not one, but THREE OPAQUE CURTAINS. They hang together, one after the next. Held up by SHOWER CURTAIN RINGS and DOW RODS.

A sort of homemade WOODEN RAILING holds all these shower curtains together. Nancy steps inside --

INT. SHOWER CURTAINS

Nancy is now enclosed in a private room. Similar opaque shower curtains surrounding her every side.

A PLASTIC THROW SHEET covers the ground. On this plastic sheet sit various tinker toys, barbie dolls and toy trucks. A sort of demented playground.

The little girl playing with her dolls on the floor.

An EIGHT MILLIMETER PROJECTOR plays an old, home movie on a large screen. A movie from The Thompson family library. A young Donald and Maggie playing with their daughter Cindy in the front yard. The same girl sitting on the floor.

Nancy stares back and forth between the girl in the film and the girl on the floor.

NANCY
Cindy...?

The little girl turns around. Her face decomposed. Worms crawling from her eyeless orbs.

Nancy turns away, losing her lunch all over the plastic sheet.

FREDDY'S CLAW TEARS THROUGH THE SCREEN

Nancy attempts to escape, but gets caught up in the curtains, unable to find her way out.

Freddy LAUGHS. His shadow appears from behind the curtains.
Nancy finally escapes.

INT. KRUEGER'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Nancy steps out of the playground, facing Freddy head on. He is still very dark. In the shadows. His bloody face glistening in this dimly lit room.

FREDDY
(a low growl)
Hello, Nancy. We've been waiting
for you. What took you so long?

NANCY
What do you want from me?

Freddy smiles as he slowly extends his RAZOR CLAW.

Nancy jumps for the lit candle on the work table. She holds it in front of Freddy, a threatening stance. He just laughs as he continues toward her.

Nancy runs for the stairs, breaking the glass candle on the gas drenched floor. The room instantly catches fire.

A bright ORANGE FLAME RUNS UP FREDDY'S LEGS AND OVER HIS ENTIRE BODY. He SCREAMS out.

Nancy makes a run for it, back up the stairs.

Freddy, ON FIRE, charges up the steps after her.

EXT. KRUEGER HOUSE - NIGHT

Nancy runs as fast as she can from the home. A THICK FOG IN THE NIGHT AIR. She notices an eerie familiarity about this particular neighborhood. The homes aligning this street are upper middle class, well kept. Nothing like Krueger's home.

She approaches an intersection. A ROAD SIGN overhead reads ELM STREET. She takes a short cut through a neighbor's lawn, running like hell toward her house.

EXT. THOMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Nancy charges for the front door, tries to open. It is locked. She frantically beats on the door.

NANCY
MOM! OPEN THE DOOR!

She checks behind her. Freddy is nowhere to be seen. The THICK FOG still floating down the street.

Nancy reaches into her pocket, fumbles for her keys. She finds them and unlocks the door. She runs inside.

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Nancy locks the door behind her and runs from room to room, searching for her mother.

NANCY
MOM!!! WHERE ARE YOU???

Nancy finds her mother sitting on the living room couch, doing a cross word puzzle.

Maggie doesn't pay Nancy any mind. Just goes about her puzzle. Nancy physically shakes her. Nothing. Maggie doesn't even flinch.

NANCY
MOM!!!

Maggie stares up at Nancy. A blank stare. Almost as if she's in a trance. She laughs out loud for no apparent reason, then goes back to her puzzle like nothing happened.

A frightened and confused Nancy slowly backs away from her.

NANCY
Mom...?

Something or someone is trying to beat down the front door. Freddy's here.

Nancy runs herself in circles.

NANCY
This is crazy. It's just a dream.
This is just a crazy, stupid dream.
Nobody's trying to kill you. You
just have to wake up, that's all.

The beating on the door grows louder and louder. Then, FREDDY'S HAND busts through a glass cubicle. His arm stretches out, inhumanly, growing longer and longer, reaching for the dead bolt. He unlocks the door.

NANCY
Oh, shit!

Nancy panics and runs for the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Nancy runs to the stove, flips on one of the gas burners. She turns the flame all the way up. Holds her arm over the open fire, SCREAMING OUT.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Nancy jumps up in bed, wide awake. She grabs her forearm in excruciating pain. A FRESH BURN on her skin. She stares at the scar. Now convinced this is no longer a dream. Reality hits her like a sack of bricks.

As fast as she can possibly move, Nancy leaps out of bed, yanks off her sweat pants and throws on pair of dirty jeans laying near her bed.

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Nancy hurries up a short set of steps, headed for the door. Glen can't quite keep up with her.

GLEN
You wanna slow down, please? The
track meet isn't until tomorrow,
you know?

Nancy swings open the door with a fury, almost nailing Glen dead in the nose. They head inside.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Nancy and Glen review some old Microfiche clips. A "Springwood Gazette" article entitled HUMAN REMAINS FOUND AT JANITOR'S HOME. A black and white photo of Krueger's home, heavily damaged by fire.

NANCY
This is it. This is the place I
saw in my dream.

Glen slowly turns to Nancy, staring at her like she's crazy.

GLEN
What?

NANCY
(reads)
Fred Krueger, a six month employee
of Springwood Elementary School,
was first questioned by police
following the mysterious
disappearance of students Cindy
Thompson and Christopher Parker.
(shocked)
Cindy...?

Glen checks with Nancy.

GLEN
Any relation?

NANCY
That's her. The little girl I saw.

Glen stares back and forth between the article and Nancy,
looking completely left out.

GLEN
Saw where?

NANCY
From my dream! That's her! Cindy!

GLEN
Are you gonna tell me what the
hell's going on here? What're we
looking at?

Nancy reads some more of the article.

NANCY
Thomas Ritchie, a fellow employee
of Krueger's, first contacted
police after discovering several
suspicious items in his co worker's
possession. These same items would
later be identified by the victims'
parents.

Something in the article catches Glen's attention.

GLEN
Check this out.

NANCY

What?

GLEN

(reads article)

Just hours before a warrant could be issued to search Krueger's home, police report to the scene of a house fire already in progress. The residence was immediately identified as the home of chief suspect Fred Krueger. Lead investigator, Detective Sergeant Daniel Parker of The Springwood Police Department, concludes that the fire was deliberate; planned and set by Krueger in an attempt to destroy key evidence that would incriminate him in the abductions.

NANCY

Oh my God.

GLEN

Springwood police would later recover the charred remains of seven children from Krueger's basement.

NANCY

This says he was never seen again after that day. He was last seen leaving work, then disappeared.

GLEN

He burnt down his pad and split town before they could lock him up.

NANCY

I'm not so sure about that.

Glen watches Nancy with suspicion.

INT. SPRINGWOOD POLICE STATION - DAY

Garcia finishes up an incident report at his desk. Other officers are busy taking statements from various people. His phone RINGS. Answers.

GARCIA

Sergeant Garcia?

(listens)

(MORE)

GARCIA (cont'd)
It's still an open investigation
and we can't release that
information at this time.
(listens)
Uh-huh. Goodbye.

He quickly hangs up, shaking his head in frustration. He heads for the break room.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Garcia steps inside. He spots Thompson sitting at a lounge table, sipping a coffee and reviewing some crime scene photos.

GARCIA
These parents keep calling. Asking
about Lane. Wanting to know what
happened last night.

Garcia pours himself a tall cup of black coffee.

THOMPSON
And what are you telling them?

GARCIA
I told them it's still an ongoing
investigation. I lied.

Garcia leans against the counter, takes a big swig from his coffee. He immediately spits it back up.

THOMPSON
Careful. That's a fresh pot.

GARCIA
Since when is the coffee fresh?

Thompson sifts through various photos of Rod Lane's body.

THOMPSON
Come take a look at this.

Garcia heads over. Takes a look at a CLOSE UP OF ROD'S LEATHER JACKET -- RIPPED UP BY FOUR PRECISE CUTS. FREDDY'S CLAW.

GARCIA
Look at what?

THOMPSON
Notice the rips in his jacket?
It's like he got into it with
somebody.

GARCIA
Maybe. So what?

THOMPSON
Just humor me a second.

Thompson shows him another photo. A CLOSE UP OF ROD'S NECK --
TWO BRUISES ON EACH SIDE OF HIS THROAT.

THOMPSON
Those are fresh bruises. He didn't
do that to himself. So who did?

GARCIA
I don't know. Maybe Tina Gray.
When she was fighting him off.

THOMPSON
Maybe. Or...someone else was
there.

GARCIA
Don't you think Nancy would've
heard? She was sitting there next
to him.

THOMPSON
This kid's ride never showed.
There could be a chance Lane and
this other guy got into it.

GARCIA
But there was nobody else at the
scene.

THOMPSON
He could've split before we got
there. Then planted the gun in
Lane's hand.

GARCIA
Coroner said Lane's hand was
spotted with gun powder. He was
definitely the trigger man.

THOMPSON
I don't know. Something's not
right.

GARCIA

What's not right? Between Tina and taking your little girl, he couldn't handle the pressure and offed himself. Case closed.

Thompson huffs in frustration.

Garcia steps out. Thompson sifts through a few more photos. Something unusual catches his eye.

INT. DRAIN PIPE - LATE AFTERNOON

Thompson heads up the pipe, flashlight in hand. He stops right around the same area where Rod shot himself. He flashes the light on the ground, carefully surveying the scene. Then -- up the side of the walls.

FOUR LONG SCRATCHES ON THE WALL -- MADE BY FREDDY'S CLAW

Thompson squints a bit, moves closer for a better look. The scratches are more like indentations, embedded deep into the concrete. They are long and even.

FLASHBACK

Thompson spots his partner, Dan Parker, holding Maggie by the front door. An evil grin on his face. He reaches his hand out, RAZOR CLAWED. Freddy's deep, sinister LAUGH.

END FLASHBACK

Thompson, now scared out of his wits, checks both ends of the drain pipe. He quickly heads back to his car.

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Nancy sits at the head of the table, awaiting her father. Very angry. The microfiche article printed out and resting on the table in front of her.

The front door opens and shuts. Thompson passes through the living room and spots his daughter waiting at the dinner table -- stops.

THOMPSON

Nancy? -- What're you doing?

Nancy just stares at him, upset.

NANCY

I think it's time we had a talk.

Thompson slowly heads for the dining room, a bit scared. He takes a seat at the table.

NANCY

You know Rod didn't kill himself.
Don't you?

THOMPSON

What exactly happened last night?

NANCY

First you tell me what you've been
dreaming about.

THOMPSON

What? -- I don't understand.

NANCY

Tina told me all about it. You've
been having dreams about me. About
someone trying to kill me. Do you
know who that is, Dad?

He stalls.

THOMPSON

If you know what happened to Lane,
you need to tell me.

Nancy hands over the article to her father. He takes a look.

NANCY

I saw it in my dreams. He's been
trying to tell me something.

Thompson stares up at his daughter, a bit unsure.

NANCY

Who's Cindy? And don't lie to me.

Thompson stalls.

THOMPSON

I don't know where to begin.

NANCY

Start from the beginning.

Thompson nods in agreement.

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Thompson and Nancy hover over the basement furnace. Thompson stares at the cast iron door, not quite ready to open it.

THOMPSON

Fred Krueger was a child murderer. Kids were disappearing at the school for weeks. Taken right under our noses. Nobody had a clue. The teachers, parents, nobody.

(beat)

Then, by a stroke of luck, the case broke loose. This other janitor found a suspicious bag in a broom closet. Turns out Krueger was taking souvenirs. Chris Parker's inhaler. Little Mickey Gray's wristwatch.

NANCY

Mickey. Tina's brother?

Thompson nods.

NANCY

But Tina said he died in a car accident. She said he was hit by a car crossing the street.

THOMPSON

That's what they told her. They figured the truth was too much for her to handle.

NANCY

And Cindy?

Thompson has the most trouble with this one. He steps away from the furnace, conjuring up the horrible memories of his dark past.

THOMPSON

Cindy was our first child. She died just before you were born. She was one of Krueger's last victims.

NANCY

Why didn't you tell me?

THOMPSON

Your mother and I wanted to start over. Try to have another baby. It was just easier for us pretending it never happened. You being born was our second chance. We never mentioned Cindy again after that.

NANCY

That Detective Parker started that fire, didn't he? Krueger murdered his son.

THOMPSON

Danny Parker and I were still partners at the time. It was right before he quit the force. When they found Chris's inhaler and Cindy's locket in Krueger's bag, Parker came to me with a plan.

NANCY

Keep going.

THOMPSON

He said he couldn't wait for a trial.

Thompson breaks out in tears. Fighting back the urge to cry out.

THOMPSON

All he could think of is his little boy's face, screaming out for his help. And him not coming. He couldn't get it out of his head.

Nancy also tears up.

THOMPSON

So before they could issue a warrant to search Krueger's house, Parker takes him out. He finds him in his basement...soaks him in gasoline...lights a match and watches him burn.

NANCY

So he hides the body and burns the place to the ground.

THOMPSON

He told the papers that Krueger was just covering up evidence. That was the last anyone heard of Fred Krueger. Or Parker.

NANCY

So he just left town?

THOMPSON

His wife couldn't handle Chris's death so she downed a few pills. Killed herself. But The Parkers had another boy. A newborn. After his wife's death, Parker thought it was best to put him up for adoption. He was a mess. He wasn't in any shape to handle the responsibility.

NANCY

A boy? -- Who?

THOMPSON

Glen.

NANCY

Glen?

THOMPSON

The Lantzes took him in just a few months after Parker split. Mister Lantz and Danny were real close. They were having trouble having a baby, so it all worked out.

(beat)

Parker gave me something before he left town.

Thompson heads for the furnace. He opens the heavy door and grabs something wrapped in a dirty white cloth. He lays the object down on a work table, unwrapping the cloth. It's "Freddy's claw".

NANCY

I don't get it. If you had nothing to do with his death, why is he after me?

THOMPSON

Parker said he would do it with or without me. I suppose I could've stopped him. But --

NANCY
-- You didn't. You wanted him dead
too.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie tucks in Nancy, who appears to be sound asleep. She gives her a quick kiss on the cheek and heads out. She shuts the door behind her.

Nancy quickly sits up, staring at her door.

EXT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Maggie and Thompson stand just on the other side of Nancy's door.

THOMPSON
How is she?

MAGGIE
Knocked out. Finally.

THOMPSON
Do me a favor and just check on her
from time to time. If there's any
problems, call me.

MAGGIE
What kind of problems?

A beat.

THOMPSON
I'm not sure.

MAGGIE
Should I even bother asking?

THOMPSON
No. But when I get some answers,
you'll be the first one I call.
Fair enough?

MAGGIE
I don't know. Do I have a choice
in the matter?

THOMPSON
No. What I need from you now is to
keep her here and safe.
(MORE)

THOMPSON (cont'd)
Make sure she doesn't go anywhere.
Not even across the street. I'll
be back in a bit.

Thompson heads for the stairs.

MAGGIE
Where are you going?

Thompson, from the stairs --

THOMPSON
I'm gonna go have a talk with an
old friend. One that's long
overdue.

Thompson heads down the steps. Maggie folds her arms and
plops herself against the wall, sighing in exhaustion.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nancy helps Glen through her window. She heads back to bed
while Glen takes a corner chair.

NANCY
Alright. Here's the plan. If you
see me moving. And I mean just
turning over, you wake me up. You
just keep shaking until I'm awake.

GLEN
Now would be a good time to tell me
what's going on.

NANCY
I will tell you. Right now, I just
need you to do this one thing for
me. I promise I'll explain all of
this later. When it's the right
time.

GLEN
So I'm supposed to just sit here
and watch you sleep?

NANCY
Turn on the TV. Read a magazine.
Whatever. Just wake me if you see
something wrong. I'm counting on
you to do this for me. Can I count
on you?

Glen stalls. A bit unsure.

NANCY
Can I count on you?

GLEN
Sure.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

In walks Thompson. He gives the room a good once over, checking out all of the patrons.

In the far corner is a MAN shooting pool by himself. A weathered looking man in his fifties, balding, tired, a three day beard. He's wearing a dark brown security guard's uniform. This is DAN PARKER. Thompson's old partner.

Thompson spots him and heads over.

POOL ROOM

Parker reaches back, about to knock in the eight ball and end his game when he catches Thompson heading toward him. He slowly stands, smiling back at his old friend.

PARKER
Son-of-a-bitch.

THOMPSON
That's me.

PARKER
I didn't think I'd ever see you again.

THOMPSON
I heard you were staying out this direction. I took a guess and figured you might be in here. Looks like I guessed right.

Parker gives him a dirty look.

PARKER
So what? You here to take me to one of your AA meetings?

Thompson has a hard time looking him in the eye as he plays with one of the balls on the table.

THOMPSON
No, not really.

PARKER
To what do I owe this visit?

THOMPSON
Let me ask you a question, Danny.
You having any trouble sleeping
lately?

Parker loses his slick grin.

PARKER
What is this?

THOMPSON
I think you know.

PARKER
Let's say I don't and you fill me
in.

THOMPSON
I've been seeing the sonofabitch in
my sleep. Now he's after my
daughter. My Nancy.

PARKER
I don't know what you're talking
about, partner. But you're
beginning to piss me off.

THOMPSON
I'm talking about Fred Krueger. I
know you've seen him too, so stop
bullshitting and tell me the truth.

PARKER
You're crazy.

THOMPSON
She's seeing things she knows
nothing about. Things I've never
told her before. So don't give me
that shit about Krueger being dead
and buried.

PARKER
Lower your voice.

Parker checks around the bar. A few people staring over at
them.

THOMPSON

No. I'm done staying quiet and I'm done keeping secrets. And if you know what's good for you, you'll do exactly as I tell you.

PARKER

And if I don't...?

THOMPSON

Fine. Don't do it for you. Do it for your son.

This startles Parker. He's ready to take off Thompson's head.

THOMPSON

Remember him? You have another boy. Krueger's after him too. How long he survives is up to you. Or are you so burnt you don't you even care anymore?

Parker pushes him backward.

PARKER

Get the fuck out of here.

Thompson grabs him by the shirt, shoves him against the corner wall.

THOMPSON

Now you listen to me! You're gonna end this! Tonight! You're gonna come with me and tell that boy what you did!

Parker tries to fight off his old partner. Thompson just pushes him back. The old drunk is no match for him.

THOMPSON

You're gonna get in front of the cameras and tell the whole world! You're gonna show them where you dumped Krueger's body! When it's all over you can get down on your knees and kiss God's ass for forgiveness!

(beat)

But if anything happens to my daughter...and I mean anything... you'll need more than God on your side! That's a promise!

Parker settles down. Thompson releases him.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nancy awakens from a deep sleep. She checks with Glen, who is sleeping like a baby in his chair. And then --

NANCY'S DOOR SWINGS OPEN

A heavy WIND blows some autumn leaves through the outer hallway and into her room.

Nancy's mouth drops as she figures it out. She's stuck in another dream. She crawls out of bed, heads for the hallway.

EXT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nancy steps into the hall.

What's left of the orange and yellow leaves blow down the steps. The WIND blowing against her.

Nancy rubs her arms. Keeping herself warm.

She spots a little girl's TRICYCLE at the opposite end of the hall, outside the room nearest the steps.

Nancy stares down at the bike, then up at the door behind it.

ON THE DOOR

The name CINDY is spelled out in giant, colored letters. The rest is covered with pictures of cartoon animals and other toy figures. A kid's room.

Nancy tries to open, but the door is locked.

Cindy appears behind Nancy, running for the stairs. Nancy hears, turns around.

NANCY

Hello...?

Nancy checks downstairs. Cindy is nowhere to be seen. She hears the TELEVISION coming from the family room. She heads down the steps.

NANCY

Cindy...?

Nancy steps off the staircase, headed for the family room. As she turns a corner wall, she instantly spots Cindy on the family room carpet, playing with some barbies.

Nancy moves further into the room. Her father is in his favorite recliner, reading a magazine. Her mother is laid out on the couch, eight months pregnant.

Cindy turns around, facing Nancy.

CINDY

Nancy. Come watch TV with us.

Nancy just stares back at her Mom and Dad.

NANCY

Hello? Can anybody hear me?

Her parents ignore her, going about their business.

The television turns to SNOW. And then --

NANCY'S ROOM appears on the screen. NANCY in bed, sound asleep. GLEN still sleeping in the corner chair.

Nancy notices.

NANCY

Glen?

A PORTABLE PHONE RINGS on the coffee table. Neither Thompson nor his wife go for it. Nancy reluctantly picks it up.

NANCY

Hello?

FREDDY'S VOICE

(filtered)

I'm your boyfriend now, Nancy.

Freddy laughs and hangs up.

NANCY

Oh my God.

Nancy runs from the room and charges back up the stairs.

HER FEET literally sink into the steps. The stairs turning into a sticky, gooey substance.

Nancy tries like hell to break free, but can't.

Nancy stares behind her. Freddy is waiting at the bottom of the steps. An evil smile on his face.

Nancy checks the top of the steps. Freddy again. She can't escape.

NANCY
You BASTARD!!!

Freddy rubs the sharp blades of his claw together, taunting her.

GLEN'S VOICE
(in the b.g.)
NO! NANCY! HELP!

Freddy makes for Nancy's bedroom.

NANCY
GLEN!!!

And then --

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nancy jumps up in bed. She stares at the chair next to her. No Glen.

NANCY
I really am crazy.

Nancy stares at herself in the mirror hanging on the back of her door. Freddy is standing next to her, smiling, laughing.

NANCY
Oh God.

Freddy steps closer. Getting right up against the glass. He reaches his hand back and punches the mirror from the other side.

SHARDS OF GLASS FLY EVERYWHERE

The broken mirror causes a BLACK HOLE.

A deadly VACUUM sucks everything in Nancy's room into the empty darkness. Furniture, television, pictures, clothes, etc.

Nancy grabs the headboard of her bed, fighting it. Her legs dangling in the air. Her body finally gives out as she is sucked into the portal.

INT. GLEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nancy reaches the end of the portal and morphs through Glen's dresser mirror. She lands on his carpet. As she stands, she spots Glen in bed, sleeping.

NANCY

Glen?

Nancy takes a few steps closer. An invisible blade cuts the words "Save Me" into Glen's bare chest. Freddy LAUGHS.

NANCY

Where are you, you bastard??

Nancy turns around, spots Freddy in the mirror, standing over Glen. Nancy turns back around, facing Glen.

Freddy is now standing over him, watching him sleep. He smiles at Nancy, then tears his razor claw across Glen's chest. He is literally ripped open.

BLOOD and ORGANS squirting outward from his body.

Nancy SCREAMS out. Covering her eyes.

NANCY

IT'S JUST A DREAM!!!

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nancy wakes up. She looks around her room.

Everything is still in tact. All the furniture is in the right place. Her television is still there.

A DIGITAL CLOCK reads **1:16 AM**. There's only one problem. Glen's chair sits empty.

Nancy jumps out of bed, pulls a cell phone from her jeans pocket. She dials Glen's number. Waits.

NANCY

Come on. Pick up.

INT. GLEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Glen is sound asleep, laying above his covers, fully dressed. A television is still on.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nancy still paces on her floor, her phone to her ear. She gives up and heads out.

EXT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Nancy bolts down the steps, headed for the front door. Maggie opens her bedroom door, stares into the halls.

MAGGIE

Nancy!

EXT. THOMPSON HOUSE - ELM STREET - NIGHT

Nancy races across the street to The Lantz house. She immediately begins pounding on the door.

NANCY

Open the door!

INT. GLEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Glen shifts in his sleep, scratching his exposed belly. He slowly awakens.

An old episode of "Freddy's Nightmares" is playing on a cheap cable station.

Glen grabs his remote and turns off the television. He shuts his eyes, goes back to sleep.

The television turns itself on.

Glen cracks open his eyes, a bit confused. He grabs the remote and turns it off. Rolls back over.

The TV turns itself back on again.

Now fully awake and totally pissed off, Glen jumps out of bed and unplugs the television. He lays back down, face first, burying his face in the pillow.

The TV turns back on. This time...there's only SNOW on the screen.

Glen slowly rolls back over, scared. He stares into the snow. He hears Nancy's voice call out to him.

NANCY'S VOICE
(barely audible)
Glen! Open the door!

Glen is now scared stiff. He changes the channel. THREE PIG
TAILED GIRLS are jumping rope.

PIG TAIL #1
One -- two -- Freddy's coming for
you.
(beat)
Three -- four -- better lock your
door.

Glen changes the channel. The same three girls jumping rope.

PIG TAIL #1
Five -- six -- grab your crucifix.

Glen tries another channel. The same three girls. He
panics, switching through station after station. The same
three girls, jumping rope.

PIG TAIL #1
Seven -- eight -- better stay up
late.

Suddenly, the television turns itself off. Freddy appears in
the screen's reflection, standing next to Glen's bed,
hovering over him.

Glen stares up at Freddy, standing over him, smiling.

EXT. LANTZ HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Nancy continues pounding on the door. No answer.

NANCY
Open the fucking door!

INT. GLEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Freddy rips his razor claw down in a striking motion.

Glen's RIGHT ARM is ripped right open. Straight down the
middle.

Freddy strikes his claw in the direction of Glen's LEFT ARM.
It is also ripped open.

Freddy then strikes his claw toward Glen's LEGS -- both ripped open.

Glen's VEINS AND ARTERIES shoot out from his exposed wounds like long, bloody ropes. They wrap themselves around Glen's four bed posts.

THE ENTIRE ROOM TURNS IN A NINETY DEGREE ANGLE

Glen still strapped to his bed, hanging by his own cords. As the room turns, his FURNITURE FLOATS freely in the air. In a dreamlike state.

His TELEVISION also FLOATS. It moves directly in front of Glen's face. NANCY appears on the television, beating on the front door.

NANCY ON TV
Glen! Somebody! Open the door!

Freddy's LAUGHTER.

GLEN
NANCY???

Nancy hears Glen through the television. She runs toward the screen, pounding her hands against the glass from the other side.

NANCY ON TV
Glen! Let me in! Glen!

Glen cries out, hysterical.

GLEN
NANCY!!!

Freddy steps closer, getting in Glen's face. He smiles as he rubs the four blades of his claw together.

He reaches under Glen's chin and strokes the blade under his neck.

Glen squeezes his eyes shut.

Freddy LAUGHS out loud.

EXT. LANTZ HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Nancy still pounding on the front door.

INT. LANTZ HOUSE - NIGHT

Mister Lantz quickly heads for the front door, very angry.
The KNOCKS growing LOUDER and LOUDER.

MISTER LANTZ
HOLD ON!

INT. GLEN'S BEDROOM - "GLEN'S NIGHTMARE" - NIGHT

Glen still dangling from his bed at a ninety degree angle.
Freddy STRIKES ALL FOUR BLADES OF HIS CLAW into Glen's
stomach and chest.

BLOOD SHOOTING OUT FROM GLEN'S BODY

Freddy still LAUGHING hysterically.

EXT. LANTZ HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Mister Lantz answers. Nancy almost runs over him to get to
Glen.

MISTER LANTZ
Now just wait a damn minute!
What're you doing?!

INT. LANTZ HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Nancy charges up the steps after Glen.

INT. GLEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nancy barges into his room.

Glen is still in bed. BLOOD gushing out of his exposed chest
and stomach -- shooting out in a steady stream, blasting the
ceiling above.

The blood covers the ceiling completely. As if the ceiling
were the floor.

NANCY
GLEN!!!

Mister Lantz also charges in.

MISTER LANTZ
Oh God! GLEN!!!

Glen, still asleep, spits out blood from his mouth.

INT. GLEN'S BEDROOM - "GLEN'S NIGHTMARE" - NIGHT

Glen should be dead by now, but is still conscious in his dream. He just watches as Freddy rips him to pieces.

The television -- now turned to SNOW -- floats in front of Glen. The SCREEN SMASHES INTO HIS FACE -- SHATTERING THE GLASS.

A BRIGHT BLUE CURRENT OF ELECTRICITY SHOOTS OVER GLEN'S BODY
Freddy just watches and LAUGHS.

INT. GLEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Glen's body vibrates from the electricity. His skin literally begins to SMOKE from the heat. Nancy and Mister Lantz watch in horror.

EXT. LANTZ HOUSE - NIGHT

TWO POLICE CRUISERS and AN AMBULANCE are parked at the curb.
A CORONER'S VAN sits in the driveway.

COPS and CRIME SCENE TECHNICIANS enter and exit the property.

NEIGHBORS stand on their lawns -- watching the busy scene.

Parker stands on the front lawn, staring purposelessly into nowhere. His face is red and swollen from non stop sobbing. His boy is gone. He nervously puffs away at a cigarette. His hand shakes uncontrollably.

Nancy sits in the back seat of a squad car, staring at the floor, tired. Thompson hovers over her.

NANCY
(to Thompson)
I saw him, Dad. In my dream. I
heard him calling out for me. He
was saying my name. Crying out for
help. Krueger was...standing over
him.

Thompson checks with Parker as a couple CORONERS wheel out what's left of Glen.

Parker watches, completely void of emotion. Drained. He's been beaten down by life.

NANCY

He couldn't just kill him. That wasn't good enough. He wanted me to see it coming. He just watched me watch him. Taking in my fear. He wants me to see them die.

Nancy spots Maggie standing on her front lawn. Maggie stares back at her, looking very concerned.

NANCY

How are we gonna explain any of this to Mom?

Thompson stares over at his ex wife, who's busy giving him the stink eye. She turns, heads back inside.

THOMPSON

You let me worry about her.

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Thompson grabs a large shovel from a rack of garden tools. He throws it to Parker, who grabs it mid air.

In walks Maggie, coming from the laundry room. She hands her ex husband a box of tall trash bags.

MAGGIE

Here. These are all we have.

THOMPSON

(to Maggie)
Thanks.

MAGGIE

What happened to Glen? And I want a straight answer.

THOMPSON

When I get back.

Thompson heads out. Maggie grabs his arm.

MAGGIE

Three kids are dead and our
daughter's near catatonic.

(beat)

I'm sorry, but that's not gonna be
good enough. Not this time.

(beat)

Nancy's in some kind of trouble and
neither one of you are telling me a
thing. And I wanna know why? Just
tell me what's going on.

Thompson slowly, and ever so tenderly, walks over to Maggie,
kissing her softly on the cheek.

THOMPSON

When it's all over. I promise.

He shoots her a quick smile on his way out. Parker follows.
Maggie chases out of the garage after them.

MAGGIE

Hey! Where the hell do you think
you're going?!

Thompson opens his car door, turns to Maggie.

THOMPSON

To a funeral. Don't wait up.

He and Parker crawl in. They quickly head out of the
driveway and down the street. Maggie just watches them,
completely irate.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie charges into Nancy's room -- fuming mad.

MAGGIE

Alright, Nancy! -- You need to tell
me --

She spots Nancy on top of the covers, sleeping like a baby.

MAGGIE

Nancy?

Nancy doesn't budge.

MAGGIE

(whispers)

Damn it.

Maggie steps out, shutting the door behind her. Nancy immediately sits up, checking the door.

EXT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nancy quietly sneaks out of her room. She checks her mother's room at the other end of the hall. The door is open and the LIGHT is on inside.

Nancy checks downstairs. She spots the reflection of someone walking around in the kitchen. She hears her mother digging some ice out of the freezer.

Nancy tip toes to her mother's room.

INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nancy walks in, heads for the bathroom.

INT. MAGGIE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

She quickly opens the medicine cabinet, digging through prescriptions and other bottled pills. She grabs a small, white container. It says "SLEEP AIDE".

INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nancy checks the door. No sign of Maggie. She opens a corner closet and reaches for the top shelf. She pulls down a leather zipper bag. She unzips -- pulls out a thirty eight special.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nancy cracks open her door, checking the stairs. She sees the reflection of her mother on the side of the walls, heading back up. She hears FOOTSTEPS.

Nancy shuts the door.

EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Maggie heads back to bed, sipping on a vodka rocks. She closes the door behind her.

Nancy steps back into the hall, quickly but quietly headed down the stairs.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Nancy walks into the dark room, flicks on a light switch. She notices a full rack of various tools hanging from the wall. A pitchfork, three different saws, a RED AXE.

She grabs the axe.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS

Nancy hides the axe under her bed.

Nancy crushes a few of the sleeping pills stolen from her mother's cabinet. She downs them with a glass of water.

Nancy grips the thirty eight revolver and wraps some heavy duct tape around her gun hand. She wraps it tight.

Nancy sets her alarm. It reads 11:15. She sets it for 11:45. She lays back down. The gun now taped to her hand. She shuts her eyes.

NANCY

Okay, Freddy. Come and get me.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

Thompson and Parker step inside the cathedral. Thompson dipping his finger and crossing himself as he walks in.

PARKER

What in hell are we doing here?

Thompson notices a MAN stepping into a confessional.

THOMPSON

You can't have a funeral without the priest.

Thompson heads for the confessional box. Parker reluctantly follows behind.

Thompson gives a good KNOCK on the door.

THOMPSON

Father Flannery? It's Chief Thompson. I need a word with you.

FATHER FLANNERY (O.S.)
In a moment.

Thompson loses his patience and KNOCKS even louder this time.

FATHER FLANNERY steps from the confessional, looking very annoyed.

FATHER FLANNERY
(to both)
Do you gentlemen mind? I'm in the
middle of a confession.

Thompson knocks on the opposite door of the confessional.

THOMPSON
It's okay! God forgives you!

Thompson grabs the Father by his arm, drags him along on their way to the door.

FATHER FLANNERY
Excuse me?! What's the meaning of
this?!

THOMPSON
You ever perform an exorcism,
Father?

FATHER FLANNERY
Is this some kind of joke?

THOMPSON
No joke, Father.

Suddenly, the LIGHTS of this cathedral begin to FLICKER -- ON AND OFF. Thompson and Parker share a look.

PARKER
What's happening?

THOMPSON
It's him. We're running out of
time.

Father Flannery notices something odd with the TWO CANDELABRAS at the pulpit.

THE SMALL FLAMES ARE GROWING IN INTENSITY. They grow TALLER and TALLER. Something evil is taking over.

THOMPSON
He'll be after Nancy soon. Let's
go.

The three men head out. The LIGHTS still FLICKERING.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nancy is now in a deep sleep. We move closer to her, getting in her face. The sound of a DIESEL ENGINE in the b.g.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hey, lady...?

Nancy slowly wakes up. She has some trouble opening her eyes.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Lady...?

INT. CITY BUS - NANCY'S DREAM

Nancy looks up and sees a filthy looking MAN hovering over her. He looks like a beggar. He's standing in the aisle of a moving bus.

FILTHY MAN
You got some spare change for a
veteran?

Nancy has some trouble placing her surroundings. She stares out the bus window at the passing traffic. She turns back to the beggar.

FILTHY MAN
How about it? You got anything for
a veteran?

The BUS STOPS. Nancy stares out the window and spots her father's squad car sitting by a street curb.

NANCY
Daddy?

On the other side of her father's car sits a junkyard. A long, chain-link fence surrounds the property. A large NO TRESPASSING SIGN sits on the front gate.

Nancy quickly jumps from her seat, bumping the beggar out of her way, headed for the front of the bus. She steps off.

EXT. CITY BUS - NIGHT

Nancy heads across the street. To the junkyard.

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Thompson, Parker and Father Flannery walk through a busy maze of wrecked cars, crushed and stacked, one on top of the other. Thompson and Parker branding FLASHLIGHTS.

PARKER

It's coming up soon.

THOMPSON

How the hell can you still remember?

PARKER

It's Krueger's car.

Thompson turns back to his partner, surprised.

PARKER

I walked to his house that night. Parked back at the school. I couldn't risk anyone seeing my car in front of Krueger's. So I made sure the neighbors saw his car leaving the scene.

THOMPSON

So you crushed it along with Krueger's body.

PARKER

It was evidence. Krueger's blood was all over that trunk. Any cop with half a brain could've figured out what happened. I couldn't just ditch it on the highway.

THOMPSON

How close are we?

PARKER

About another fifty yards. I'll tell you when.

The three men continue through the maze of cars.

INT. JUNKYARD - NANCY'S DREAM

Nancy moves further into the maze of junk cars. A thick, dreamlike FOG moves with her.

NANCY
KRUEGER!!! COME AND GET ME, YOU
BASTARD!!!

A MANGY DOG leaps from CAR to CAR, leading Nancy down a specific path. She follows behind.

INT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Parker spots Krueger's Buick Riviera in the near distance. He stops in his tracks -- Thompson and Father Flannery continue.

PARKER
There it is.

Thompson and Father Flannery stop, stare back at Parker.

THOMPSON
Which one?

PARKER
The blue Buick. It's in the trunk.

Thompson heads for the Buick with the shovel in hand. He pries open the trunk, finding what's left of Krueger wrapped in a shower curtain. He carefully picks up the remains and lays them on the ground.

Father Flannery pulls a few things from a satchel bag. Some HOLY WATER, A BIBLE and a large CRUCIFIX.

THOMPSON
Okay, Father. It's time.

Father Flannery kneels on the ground, touches the bible to his forehead and douses Krueger's remains with holy water.

FATHER FLANNERY
In the name of the Father, The Son,
and The Holy Spirit...

Thompson crosses himself. Parker watches and takes his cue. Thompson begins digging a deep grave for Krueger.

EXT. JUNKYARD - NANCY'S DREAM

Nancy races to keep up with the mangy dog. The dog disappears around a corner. Hiding just behind a stack of cars.

Nancy turns the corner and spots the dog sniffing at something in the dirt. She slowly begins toward it.

As Nancy greets the dog, she notices he is chewing on a SEVERED HAND. It is burned up, decayed.

Nancy slowly backs away, scared.

All the HEADLIGHTS of the crushed cars begin FLASHING ON AND OFF. The HORNS ALL HONKING back at Nancy.

Nancy spins herself in a circle -- watching all of the cars slowly coming to life. Freddy LAUGHS.

Nancy takes off running, through the maze. With no real direction. ALL OF THE CARS HONKING AND FLASHING.

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Thompson continues digging the grave. Parker watches as Father Flannery conducts the Ceremony.

Father Flannery raises the crucifix, crossing it over Krueger's remains. His eyes shut -- whispering "The Lord's Prayer".

Parker notices some HEADLIGHTS FLICKERING from the cars. Thompson also notices. He stops digging.

THOMPSON

It's working.

Parker spins himself in a circle, panicked. The LIGHTS FLICKERING BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER. And then -- THE HORNS BEGIN HONKING.

Father Flannery opens his eyes, watches the commotion around him.

Thompson digs faster and faster.

EXT. JUNKYARD - NANCY'S DREAM

The cars are still going haywire. Nancy stops running when she spots her father, Parker and Father Flannery standing in the center of the junkyard.

NANCY
DADDY???

But Thompson can't hear her. He continues digging. Father Flannery is still saying a prayer over Krueger's remains. And then --

A SKELETON HAND

Reaches out from the beaten shower curtain, wrapping around Father Flannery's throat.

Father Flannery gasps for air.

The skeleton hand throws Father Flannery aside. Knocking him to the ground. Father Flannery coughs up into the dirt, trying to catch his breath.

KRUEGER'S BONES

Rise into the air, quickly piecing itself back together. Forming a perfect SKELETON.

Nancy watches in horror. Thompson and Parker also watch.

THE SKELETON charges after Thompson.

Thompson takes a fighting stance with the shovel. He gives a good swing --

THE SKELETON grabs the shovel and swings it down on Thompson's face --

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Thompson is KNOCKED TO THE GROUND by some invisible force. Parker and Father Flannery take notice.

PARKER
(to Thompson)
Donnie...?

Thompson spits up some blood into the dirt.

THOMPSON
What happened?

FATHER FLANNERY
(to Parker)
It's him.

Parker just watches in shock as his partner spits up blood.

EXT. JUNKYARD - NANCY'S DREAM

Nancy stares down at her father, bleeding on the ground from the hard hit to the face.

THE SKELETON stands over him. Parker stands just behind the skeleton, watching on. Father Flannery still on the ground, also watching.

THE SKELETON picks up the shovel, turns, and drives it straight into PARKER'S NECK.

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Thompson and Father Flannery watch as Parker's neck is split open by the same invisible force.

Parker falls to his knees. BLOOD SPURTING FROM HIS OPEN NECK. His head literally falling off his body.

THOMPSON
PARKER!!!

EXT. JUNKYARD - NANCY'S DREAM

THE SKELETON reaches the shovel back and swings as hard as it can for Parker's head -- KNOCKING IT COMPLETELY OFF.

Nancy stands frozen.

NANCY
DADDY???

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Parker's headless corpse slowly falls into the open grave. Thompson and Father Flannery both shaking from the pure shock of it all.

NANCY'S VOICE
(barely audible)
Daddy???

Thompson can barely hear his little girl calling out for him. Her voice is like a quiet wind passing through the air.

THOMPSON
Nancy???

EXT. JUNKYARD - NANCY'S DREAM

THE SKELETON drops the shovel to the ground and turns to Father Flannery. It reaches its hand up -- now RAZOR CLAWED.

THE SKELETON strikes the claw under Father Flannery's chin. The BLADE SHOOTING THROUGH HIS NECK AND OUT HIS MOUTH. He is forced off his feet and into the air.

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Thompson watches on as Father Flannery is held in the air by the invisible force. BLOOD GUSHING from his mouth and down his chin.

THOMPSON
What the hell...?

Thompson makes a run for it. Out of the junkyard.

EXT. JUNKYARD - NANCY'S DREAM

Nancy watches as her father runs off. She turns back to the skeleton holding Father Flannery in the air. It releases him. Father Flannery's dead body falls to the ground like wet cement.

THE SKELETON turns back to Nancy. He slowly begins after her.

NANCY
COME ON, YOU SON OF A BITCH!!!

Nancy runs back into the heavy maze of cars.

THE MAZE

Suddenly...CARS BEGIN FALLING IN NANCY'S PATH, blocking her in. Nancy tries another way. Again...CARS FALL IN HER PATH.

She trips and falls...struggles to stand. She stares at her watch. It reads 11:42. Three minutes until the alarm.

Nancy stares into the distance and spots a --

CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND

just outside of the junkyard. It is DAYTIME. The SUN is BRIGHT and children are playing.

Nancy checks behind her --

THE SKELETON closing in on her.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Thompson weaves in and out of traffic, his foot to the pedal, headed for home.

EXT. JUNKYARD - NANCY'S DREAM

Nancy still running from the demonic skeleton. The playground drawing nearer and nearer. Freddy LAUGHS.

EXT. SPRINGWOOD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - GRASSY FIELD - DAY

Nancy runs out of a BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT...A GLOWING PORTAL...leaving the junkyard and running into the grassy, back fields of this school. She turns back --

A DARK FIGURE stands at the light -- A SILHOUETTE -- FREDDY. Back in full form.

Nancy runs across the field, into the playground.

THE GLOWING WHITE PORTAL slowly closes behind her.

Nancy heads for the jungle gym. A METAL TUBE SLIDE, SOME TIRE SWINGS, A DRAW BRIDGE and some MONKEY BARS.

A couple GIRLS are on a SWING SET nearby.

Nancy runs for the slide, hiding inside the long, metal tube.

INT. METAL SLIDE - NIGHT

Nancy stares at the bottom of the slide. Day has suddenly fallen to night. She checks her watch. It reads 11:43.

A few seconds pass. And then, 11:44. One minute until
countdown.

NANCY
(whispers)
Come on. Come get me.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

The children are all gone. The swings swaying back and forth
on their own. Not a soul in sight.

Freddy stands just outside the METAL TUBE SLIDE. He SCRAPES
HIS CLAW against the side. Up and down the tube.

INT. METAL SLIDE - NIGHT

Nancy sits as still as possible, scared to death. She keeps
a close eye on the bottom of the slide. Waiting for Freddy.

Freddy then reaches in, from the top of the slide, grabbing
at Nancy's shirt. Nancy reaches back and grabs at Krueger's
arm, getting a good hold of him.

FREDDY
I'll get you, MY PRETTY!

He LAUGHS.

An ALARM GOES OFF.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie shuts off the loud alarm as Nancy jumps up.
Completely out of breath.

NANCY
(to Maggie)
Where is he?

MAGGIE
It's me. Everything is fine. You
were just having a nightmare.

Maggie strokes back Nancy's hair. Comforting her.

NANCY
Where's Daddy?

MAGGIE
He's not back yet.

NANCY
He's in trouble. We have to call
him.

Nancy jumps out of bed. Grabs her cell phone from a night stand. Dials her father's number.

She impatiently paces back and forth on the carpet, awaiting his answer.

Maggie slowly stands up. An evil look in her eye. A growing smile on her face.

As Nancy paces around her room, she spots the real Maggie laying on the floor, near the corner chair.

Maggie's chest split wide open by Freddy. Her clothes and face soaked with BLOOD.

Nearly dead, Maggie stares up at Nancy, pleading for help. She reaches out to her.

MAGGIE
Nancy...

Nancy, in shock, drops her phone to the floor.

Freddy stands by her bed. An ear to ear smile. She brought him into the real world.

Freddy raises his RAZOR CLAW, ready to strike.

Nancy raises her thirty eight revolver -- still taped to her hand. She points at Freddy. She squeezes off all SIX SHOTS.

NUMBER SIX goes in Freddy's skull, BLOWING HIS BRAINS ALL OVER THE WALL.

The dream demon turned human falls to the ground -- DEAD.

Nancy unwraps the duct tape from her hand and reaches under her bed. She grabs the RED AXE.

She holds it in a defensive position, watching Freddy carefully. He isn't moving.

She grabs her cell from the floor and dials an ambulance.

OPERATOR
(filtered)
911 Operator. What's your
emergency?

NANCY
(panicked)
I need an ambulance at Fourteen
Twenty Eight Elm Street. A woman's
been stabbed.

Maggie spits up an enormous amount of blood. Suddenly...her
body gives out. She dies. Her lifeless eyes staring up at
Nancy.

NANCY
Mom...?

Nancy drops the phone and slowly walks over to her mother.
She kneels down -- grabs her bloody face.

NANCY
MOM...???

Freddy appears behind her. His RIGHT EYE blown out from a
direct gun shot wound. Blood dripping down his face.

Nancy can sense him behind her. She spins around with the
axe, taking a full swing. She drives the blade deep into his
chest.

This barely phases him. Freddy grabs the handle, struggling
to pull it from his chest. Meanwhile --

Nancy makes a run for it.

EXT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nancy runs as fast as she can down the steps. Thompson meets
her halfway.

NANCY
HE'S UPSTAIRS!!!

Thompson checks the top of the stairs.

Freddy heads down the steps toward them. The red axe in
hand.

Nancy grips her father's arm.

THOMPSON
(to Nancy)
Go call for back up!
(beat)
Run!

Nancy doesn't budge.

THOMPSON

RUN!!!

Nancy runs down the steps. Thompson pulls his forty five from a holster. He empties a full clip at Freddy.

Freddy's heavy body falls through the weak railing, destroying it.

Pieces of the frail staircase flying everywhere.

Freddy lands on the hard wood floors below.

Thompson quickly heads back down the steps.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Freddy still moving around. Barely alive.

Thompson holsters his gun and grabs the axe from the floor.

As Freddy struggles to stand --

Thompson takes a full swing --

-- SLICING OFF FREDDY'S RIGHT FOREARM.

The RAZOR CLAW jumping around the floor -- taking on a life of its own.

Thompson takes another full swing at Freddy --

-- taking off his LEFT LEG at the knee cap.

Freddy drags himself into the kitchen.

BLOOD pours from his open wounds -- onto the hard wood floor.

Thompson follows behind with the axe.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Freddy maneuvers himself against the wall. He pushes himself back up -- standing on his one good leg.

Thompson stands before him. He takes one last good swing at Freddy's head --

-- THE AXE SLICES STRAIGHT THROUGH HIS NECK AND STICKS TO THE WALL BEHIND HIM --

-- FREDDY'S HEADLESS BODY FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

Thompson lets go of the handle.

THE AXE STILL IN THE WALL -- FREDDY'S HEAD RESTING ON THE BLADE.

Some BLOOD oozes out of Freddy's mouth -- dripping onto the tile below.

Thompson takes one last look at the remains. Freddy's headless body -- MISSING ARM and SEVERED LEG.

BLOOD still gushing from the open wounds.

Thompson heads out.

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Thompson steps back into the living room, near the staircase. Pieces of the wooden railing all over the floor.

FREDDY'S CLAW still twitching a bit. The fingers still tapping the wooden floors. Slower...slower...and then...they stop.

EXT. THOMPSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Nancy watches as her father dumps a hefty trash bag into a large, tin drum. Freddy's remains.

Thompson pours a small can of GASOLINE into the drum -- LIGHTS A ZIPPO -- tosses it into the barrel.

FLAMES SHOOT INTO THE AIR

Thompson throws his arm around Nancy, holding her tight as they watch Krueger burn.

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)
One -- two -- Freddy's coming for
you --

INT. TINA GRAY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tina's bathtub is stained with BRIGHT RED BLOOD. Her body long gone. YELLOW CRIME SCENE TAPE blocks off the entrance.

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)
Three -- four -- better lock your
door --

INT. DRAIN PIPE - DAY

Rod Lane's BRAINS SPLATTERED all over the side of the pipe.
Freddy's CLAW MARKS also on the wall.

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)
Five -- six -- grab your crucifix --

INT. GLEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Glen's bed and bedroom ceiling SOAKED WITH HIS BLOOD.

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)
Seven -- eight -- better stay up
late --

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie's dead body laying on Nancy's floor. A WHITE SHEET
covering her. TWO CORONERS load her onto a stretcher.

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)
Nine -- ten -- never sleep again.

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

Freddy's BLUE BUICK sits among the wreckage. The trunk pried
open. A DEEP GRAVE DUG IN THE GROUND still awaiting
Krueger's remains.

Thompson returns to the scene with a large trash bag carrying
Freddy's ashes. In the other hand, a shovel.

He steps closer to the grave. Before he can toss in the
remains --

-- something moves in the bag.

Thompson quickly kneels down. Opens up the bag and stares
inside.

FREDDY'S CLAW

Shoots out of the bag and drives ALL FOUR BLADES INTO
THOMPSON'S NECK. BLOOD GUSHES FROM EVERY HOLE.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nancy jumps up. Awakening from her nightmare. She struggles to catch her breath. She smacks her hand against the mattress in frustration --

NANCY

Shit.

Nancy rubs her weary, restless face. She looks like hell. Her eyes are dark and her skin is pale. Although Freddy's dead and gone, she's still struggling with nightmares.

A SLIGHT GUSH OF WIND

Pushes open her door.

Nancy notices and grows paranoid. Is this just another dream?

NANCY

(to herself)

Just relax. It's only the wind.

Pull yourself together, Nancy.

She crawls out of bed, shuts her door, locks it, heads back to bed. She tries to go back to sleep, but can't.

She just stares back at the door. Waiting. She catches her own reflection in the mirror, staring back at herself.

NANCY

(to herself)

It's just a mirror. It's not a portal to hell. Get over it.

Nancy stares back at the mirror, trying to get used to it. She just can't take it anymore.

She jumps up, removes the mirror from her door and slides it under her bed.

A KNOCK ON HER DOOR

NANCY

Come in.

No one enters. Then, another KNOCK. This one louder.

NANCY

I said you can come in.

No one. The knocks stop completely. Nancy slowly walks to the door, now completely petrified. She unlocks it and peeks her head into the hall.

EXT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nancy checks both ends of the hall. Nothing. No one. She slowly makes her way down the stairs. More petrified than ever.

STAIRCASE

Nancy hears the TELEVISION from the stairs. A GAME SHOW is on. She steps off --

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nancy walks in. The television is on, but no one is watching.

NANCY

Dad...?

Behind her --

THE BASEMENT DOOR SWINGS OPEN

-- startling Nancy. She spins around, notices that a LIGHT is on in the basement. She heads for the door.

INT. STAIRCASE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Nancy makes her way down the loud, creaking steps. She notices the reflection of A FIRE BURNING on the side of the wall. She stops halfway down.

NANCY

Daddy...?

(beat)

Hello...?

Nancy continues.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Nancy walks closer to the fire, blazing away in the furnace. And then --

The BASEMENT DOOR SLAMS SHUT

-- startling Nancy. She slowly heads back to the stairs.
Looks up the steps. Notices the door closed at the top.

With her back still turned to the furnace --

-- THE FIRE GROWS IN INTENSITY

Nancy spins back around. Facing the furnace. Something in
the fire moves. Something with a life of its own.

Nancy squints as she tries to place this strange object.

NANCY'S POV

She moves closer and closer. And then -- in the blink of an
eye --

FREDDY'S CLAW BURSTS FROM THE FLAMES -- HEADING STRAIGHT FOR
US.

CUT TO BLACK.